

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



A N D

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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The Castle de Warrene.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XII.

But let a Maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way!

GOLDSMITH.

ENFOLDED in the arms of her tender mother, and pressing with maternal delight her lovely Constantia, the spouse of De Lacy once more experienced sensations of the most exquisite nature. Nor was Olivia an uninterested spectator: the beauty of Constantia instantly won her affection, and she forgot her sorrows in the participation of the joy which she beheld her newly acquired friend experience.

Mutual endearments being subsided, Olivia, at the desire of Matilda, repaired to her wardrobe, and habited herself in a dress more suitable to her sex. If her personal attractions while disguised as Osmond claimed admiration, how greatly were they increased when she appeared in all her native loveliness! The perplexity of the late events had entirely banished the roses from her cheeks, and left in their stead a delicate languor that was extremely interesting: her complexion was so clear, that the fine blue veins shone through, and gave it the appearance of beautiful marble; her eyes, a dark full blue, were shaded by long silken lashes, and, being cast with timid apprehension upon the ground, gave her face the contour of a Modena; her hair, of a colour resembling gold, she had carefully braided, and

tied together; and all her features were moulded with the strictest symmetry. Addressing herself with a modest deportment to Matilda, she said—

"Strange, Madam, as my appearance in my late disguise must appear to you, I trust that I shall be able to give such a satisfactory account of the distressing circumstances which caused me to adopt it, as will remove from your mind any suspicions (if such have arisen) to my disadvantage. My story," added she, wiping her eyes, "is short, but replete with misfortunes: shall I encroach on your time by relating it?"

Matilda took her hand tenderly. "My dear girl," said she, "wrong not yourself so much, as to suppose me capable of entertaining a doubt of your honour!—To satisfy the anxiety which I perceive you are under to clear your character from reproach I will hear your recital; although, I assure you, it is far from my wish to gratify my own curiosity at the expence of a moment's pain to you."

Olivia bowed gracefully, and commenced her tale.

"My father, Madam, was one of the unfortunate Barons whose estates were confiscated for rebelling against King John. Two daughters and one son were the only fruits of his union with the most amiable woman, who resigned a life sincerely lamented by all who knew her in giving birth to the ill-fated Olivia. Whether it was from that unlucky circumstance, which strongly affected my father, I know not; but he now regards me with abhorrence. My sister, always gratified in every wish of her heart, fearful of losing that ascendancy which she possessed over my father, failed not to make use of the most unfair means to confirm herself in his good opinion, by taking every opportunity of injuring me. My dear deluded father, imagin-

ing his Victoria faultless, listened with avidity to the insidious tales which she fabricated for my destruction. My brother, the amiable Antonio, made ample amends to me for the injustice of my father and sister, by his affectionate treatment of me. We had, since the derangement of our affairs, resided in a small but neat mansion in Champignon: the retired life we led better suited the melancholy of my mind than the gay scenes of a court; but I was repeatedly mortified by the insults of my unfeeling sister.

"My dear Antonio went out on an adventurous voyage, and Victoria, vexed at being, by this unexpected misfortune, deprived of opportunities of making herself equal to the ambitious expectations she had formed, indulged her spleen and resentment in full scope upon me. My company being now detestable, and wishing to avoid persecution, I frequently left my home, and wandered among the rocks which bordered the sea, and indulged my unhappy reflections undisturbed. In one of these excursions I heard footsteps near me, and presently beheld a young man making his way with haste through the bushes. He held a handkerchief up to his head, in which was a wound that bled profusely. I screamed with terror, and vainly strove to fly: suspense and fear carried me to the spot. He apologized with tremulous voice, asked pardon for the pain he had given me, and supplicated me in the most moving accents, to direct him to some place where he might obtain the necessary assistance, as he found himself very faint from fatigue and loss of blood.

"Wholly actuated by sentiments of humanity, I tendered him my arm, and entreated him to exert his strength to reach our residence, where I assured him he should receive every attention which his

case required: my heart sunk with prophetical forboding as I presented him to my father, who, nevertheless, received him graciously.—In answer to the officious enquiries of Victoria, he told us, that he was on his way to the English army, when some sudden fright which his horse took had caused him to be thrown, and the animal galloped away, by which means he had received the wound in his temple. He excused himself from giving any account of his family, but said that his name was Albert. You, Madam, have seen him, and will not, perhaps, wonder if the sentiments he inspired in a mind, young and uninformed, were too powerful to disguise effectually the impression which he made on my heart. I behaved to him with the familiar affection of a sister. I soon found, with pain, that Victoria was no less susceptible of his attention, and took every opportunity of promoting my absence, that she might be herself with our invalid, who was confined to his bed. As she was considered handsomer than myself, my poor heart fluttered with dread of the power of her superior attractions, but I had the happiness to perceive that he received my sorrows with more pleasure than he did those of Victoria.

“One day I found my father and sister in earnest conference, and the eyes of Victoria glanced with exultation as I entered. My father called me to him with a voice unusually kind:—‘Livy,’ said he, ‘you must prepare for a supper:—I have just reason to believe that Victoria will soon be married.’

“I assured him of my sincere wishes for her felicity, and he continued:—

“To be sure, she has fixed her mind upon one not altogether so eligible as I could have wished; but, as we are situated at present, she cannot expect any very splendid establishment: so I think to indulge her in her newly adopted plan of love in a cottage; and have no doubt but Albert will make a good husband.”

“I could hear no more, but sinking on my knees, exclaimed—Now I am, indeed, wretched!

“I know not what more passed; but, when I recovered from my swoon, found myself alone with Victoria, who vented her rage upon me in the most opprobrious terms language could invent, or the tongue of a woman give utterance to.

‘False, perfidious Syren!’ cried she, almost choking with passion, ‘have you dared to supplant me in the heart of the only man I ever loved? Is it for you, wretch, that I am so insultingly refused, and by an

ingrate who has been cherished under our roof?—But he is gone, thank heaven!—the viper has left no sting except in thy perfidious bosom!’

“Ah! a sting, indeed, was left there!—From her unguarded expressions I learned that my poor misguided father had offered Victoria to Albert; and, upon his rejecting the proffered favour, he had been shamefully expelled the house. The foolish Victoria had, by upbraiding him with returning my affection, exposed my unhappy prepossession.

“Overwhelmed with grief, shame, and disappointment, I replied only with my tears to the insulting and opprobrious taunts of my inhuman sister. Worn out with repeated ill-usage, I determined to bear it no longer. For a trifle, I procured a disguise, and by fatiguing journeys I reached the camp. Ever glad, in such times, to get assistance, I was received without hesitation or suspicion, and shortly, by my docility, obtained the post of aid-de-camp to Sir Valtimond de Lacy. But the principal object of my enterprize was still unattained; for never, till this day, could I obtain sight or intelligence of Albert; and now, heaven knows with what ideas of me he may be impressed!—His last words, however, sunk deep into my heart, and will never be erased:

“Olivia,’ said he, in a whisper, ‘renounce that garb, which is but ill adapted to the delicacy and modesty of your sex. When we next meet, different ideas will, I hope, have found place in your mind. As a friend and brother, command me; my situation, at present, precludes all other expectations.—Farewell, heaven protect you!’

“This was sufficient to quell my presumptuous hopes, and my future endeavours shall be exerted to banish his image from my heart.”

Olivia concluded, and Matilda promised that she should be with her as long as she chose to consider her as a friend:—Olivia gratefully returned her acknowledgments for this unexampled benevolence.

C H A P. XIII.

Life is a sea where storms must rise;
‘Tis folly talks of cloudless skies.

COTTON'S VISIONS.

THE fair inhabitants of the Castle now enjoyed a state of uninterrupted happiness, visited sometimes by De Lacy, who beheld the rising beauties of his daughter with admiration; or, in his absence, beguiling the tedious hours with his praises. Gratitude inspired the tongue of Olivia; love, that of

Matilda; and the contest of applause was maintained with spirit on each side.

Constantia now attained her fourteenth year; amiable and accomplished, the darling of every eye, especially that of Olivia, who, being but nineteen, found her little charge become a pleasing companion. The commanding dignity of her father, was, in Constantia's person, united with the fascinating sweetness of Matilda; and, under the instructing hand of that excellent mother, she was not merely taught the external embellishments of fashion, but she had taken care to implant in her youthful heart, both by precept and example, a love of virtue.—Naturally endowed with a good understanding, she easily retained these precepts, and early imbibed a sense of moral rectitude, seldom to be found in a mind so ductile: but her passion wanted moderation; she loved with enthusiasm; and, had there been any objects for her hatred, she must have experienced an equal extreme. This was a fault that Matilda saw, and trusted to time and experience for correction, carefully exercising her in practices of self-denial and fortitude under temporary mortifications.

Olivia would sometimes, both for their mutual health and pleasure, take Constantia out on a ramble round the adjacent country, while Matilda stayed to amuse the Countess, whose declining state of health increased daily. On one of these occasions, Matilda, being occupied in writing to De Lacy, heeded not the passing time; and, when she had finished the letter, was astonished at the absence of her daughter. She hastily ran to her mother's apartment to seek them, and found, to her infinite consternation, that they were not returned. With increasing alarm, she counted the minutes as they passed. Night advanced rapidly, and darkness stole over the face of the country.—Not able to bear the mortification of suspense, Matilda quitted the Castle, and wandered up and down unattended; and then to the river side, which she knew to be their favourite ramble; but no trace of footsteps were upon the sand. She called, alternately, upon the names of Constantia and Olivia, with a voice of anguish; but no answer was returned to her repeated exclamations. A heavy shower of rain occasioned her return, thinking that they might have returned by a different path; and the agony of her distress was increased, when she found they were not there. The Castle soon became a scene of confusion: the vassals were all summoned, and dispatched different ways in search of the wanderers. Various conjectures assailed the unhappy mother—

"Could Olivia be false—perfidious!—could she have conveyed her child away!—ah, no!—Some fatal accident must have happened, and Olivia dared not return to relate the direful tale!"

Thus was Matilda's bosom rent with conflicting pangs. A courier was sent to De Lacy, demanding his presence. He obtained leave of absence, and arrived but to augment the general distress. His beloved wife, in strong hysterics, was the first object presented to his eyes; and soon the dreadful intelligence of his loss threw him into a state little better than that of his afflicted wife.

"Matilda!—my life!" cried he, clasping her with agony in his arms—"distress not yourself thus!—doubt not the inscrutable ways of Providence—exert your accustomed resignation to the Divine will; and for my sake struggle with our common misfortune; our child may yet be restored to us."

Matilda's features relapsed into a smile of anguish and despair; yet she listened to his persuasions, and strove to shew her love and respect for him by her compliance. He was obliged to return to his duty; and heart-rending as this separation was, it was inevitable.

The soothing company of Sir William and Lady Barome, in time mitigated the poignancy of her grief, and compensated in some measure for the absence of De Lacy. Their meeting was pathetic under such a similarity of distress; and the sight of Matilda, under her present misfortune, opened those views which the effects of religion had scarcely closed in the mind of Lady Barome.

The Countess, too, unable to bear any excesses, sunk into a state of apathy; and deeply lamented by her survivors, soon descended to the peaceful grave.

The feelings of Matilda upon this fresh cause of grief are not to be described. Her health visibly declined, and she yielded herself up to the most corroding melancholy, shunning the society even of her dearest friends. She was roused from this lethargy of woe by the joyful tidings of an honourable peace being concluded between the hostile nations, and De Lacy returned, crowned with triumphant laurels, to the arms of his drooping wife. For his services he was promoted to the rank of Major-general; and cast a smile of satisfaction on the features of his wife while recounting to her his success. Her deep gloom was succeeded by a tender regret, the indulgence of which no one sought to debar her; and as her health

gradually returned, the gratification of her husband's society daily promoted her peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

To the Female Sex.

NO. 2.

LADIES,

THINK not that I suppose *dress* has in itself an influence over the mind, sufficient to eradicate from the bosom the sweetness of virtue, or the amiableness of friendship. Harbour not the idea, that I presume *vice* cannot exist under the covert of a *homely* garment, or that it is solely the concomitant of the gay and the fashionable: far be it from me to think thus uncharitably.

The well known and undenied excellency of the characters of many of your sex, devoid of every attribute which belongs to you would recommend you to *notice*, and entitle you to *respect*; I must inform you, though dress would be considered a foible rather than a crime were it not too often attached to the most vile and infamous of mankind. it becomes you, considering the delicacy of your frames, to make a *shew* of modesty as well as to have an inward sense of its excellency. We have it from the highest authority, an authority I fear, too seldom read by you, that the "more plain and simple we are the better."

It is evident to the meanest understanding, that many of your sex prefer the allurements of fashion and of folly, to pursuits more virtuous and rational. Such conduct is the *first cause* of that unjust detraction from your honour and humanity. Can you, any longer, be insensible to the regard which those of our sex have for you?

Do you suppose that their ardent wishes, so often expressed for your welfare, are the offspring of a selfish desire to censure you, whose beauty and wit we have never so much as dared to question? If it be thus you think of our admonitions, you most indubitably deceive yourselves.

A fervent desire for your improvement in science, and advancement in religion and virtue, exists in the bosom of every one who is,

AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

HOGARTH'S LAST PAINTING.

A FEW months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which de-

prived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed for his matchless pencil the work he has entitled, *A TAIL PIECE*; the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.—"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the *end of all things*." "If that be the case," replied one of his friends, "your *business will be finished*, for there will be an *end of the painter*." "There *will* so, answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner *my work is done* the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he had completed it. This however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the *end of all things*.—A broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern called the *World's End*, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phœbus and her horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time with his hour-glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Exeunt Omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statuette of bankruptcy taken out against Nature.—"So far, so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this!" taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. "Finis!" exclaimed Hogarth; "the *deed is done! all is over!*"—It is remarkable, and little known, perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing this *TAIL PIECE*, having never again taken the pallet in his hand.

SENTIMENT.

WHAT is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one.—One would imagine Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart—yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristam Shandy*, used to say, that he never felt the vibrations of his heart, so much in unison with virtue, as when he was in Love, and that whenever he did a mean, or unworthy action, on examining himself strictly, he found that, at that time, he was loose from every sentimental attachment to the fair sex.

Of all the passions which affect the human breast, and so differently agitate the same, none probably, work a greater change on the sentiments, than that of love. None help so much to soften and expand the feelings, as this passion. While anger, and revenge, prompts us to savage deeds, and metamorphoses us into furies, love awakes the most opposite sensations:—while benevolence warms our hearts, and charity stretches out our hands, love, being compounded of all the tender, humane and disinterested virtues, calls forth at once, all their soft ideas, and good offices. So great and so noble a passion is not confined merely to civilized society, the untutored savage, in common with refined mankind, participates the “soft sentiment.” An all-wise Providence has communicated the same to all animated creation, according to their natures. Though the declaration of a passion, so benign, so virtuous, and gentle, as that which has been described, reflects the highest honour on the breast in which it is harboured, so that neither sex can possibly be ashamed of it; yet the great Author of nature, thought it highly essential to grant the privilege of asking in the man, and refusing in the woman; comprising within these bounds, that love founded on the broad basis of esteem alone, and drawing the strong line of discrimination between it and sensuality; for the more modesty we perceive, (I do mean *mauvaise honte*) in the discovery of that passion, by the fair sex, for the object of their affections, the more are we inclined to prize the honor, and believe the gift sincere: whereas, if nature or custom had privileged both in common to declare the passion to each other, and equally claim the other's consent, then farewell to the finest feelings of the finest passion. Its holy sanctuary could not long stand, for modesty, its chief prop and support, would be destroyed, and we might then say in the language of Goldsmith,— “That Love had fled this earth, for a better world, and that the worshipped object was but a faint representation of the absent divinity, whose form was erected, and al-

tar supported by contributions from venal members.” Women, more gentle, more humane and benevolent than men, are of course sooner entangled in the passion; their susceptible heart seems fitted to harbour generous and virtuous sentiments, and emulate noble deeds of goodness. To them must we look for the fountain of the passion, from them we should learn virtuous and disinterested love, with a tried and unshaken constancy; and as men boast of the superiority of the mind, so may woman, lovely woman, claim to her share, the finer feelings of the heart.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

“An opinion becomes dear to us by being generated in our imaginations, and contradiction by inflaming the passions encreases our attachment to error.”

The preceding excellent expressions of a gentleman, celebrated for his learning and good qualities, have been sufficient to teach me, that there is a necessity for every candidate to honourable fame, to weigh well the causes and consequences which attend the formation of an opinion, that when once embraced it should not be too obstinately retained or too suddenly relinquished;—the one evinces the contracted sphere in which the ideas of its possessor move, and sufficiently indicate the unsuitableness of his mind for those things, which require fertility of invention and continual use of the intellectual powers; while the other bespeaks a puerility of thought connected with an inconsistency which would disgrace a child.

If we would, for a moment pause; and consider how exalted that mind must be, which while tenacious of opinions, formed after much reflection, and almost incredible research, teaches us to pay due deference to the opinions of others, however opposed they may be to our own, contradictory to fact or at variance with nature and with reason; we could not restrain our admiration of its proprietor, and have respect for that tolerance of opinion of which few are susceptible, while we might exclaim in the language of a celebrated English poet,

“ Each state of life has its peculiar view,
Alike in each there is a false and true:
This point to fix is reason's use and end,
On this success all other must depend;
But in this point no error can be small,
To deviate e'er so little ruins all.”

OBSCURUS.

OF THE CALENDAR.

THE sun and moon, which strike the savage with astonishment, and excite the curiosity of the sage, have uniformly been employed by both as measurers of time. Yet different calendars have been used in different countries, according to the form of the year and distribution of time, they respectively adopted: as the Roman, the Persian, the Jewish, &c. calendars.

Romulus who first formed the Roman calendar, divided the year into 10 months, beginning at March, and ending with December, making in all 304 days; which fell short of the lunar year by 50, and of the solar year by 61 days. Numa Pompilius the second king of the Romans, perceiving the wide mistake of his predecessor, prefixed the 2 months, January and February, making the year to consist of 355 days. This defect with respect of time, with the improper intercalation about the time of Julius Cæsar, or 708 years after the foundation of Rome, had rendered the excess of the solar above the civil year about 90 days; so that the Winter months fell back to Autumn, and those of Autumn to Spring.

Julius Cæsar, in order to rectify this error, consulted several Egyptian mathematicians; by whose assistance, and particularity that of Sosigenes, a celebrated mathematician of Alexandria, the calendar used over the greater part of Europe, with a single amendment, received its present form. To them the apparent annual revolution of the Sun round the Earth, seemed to be performed in 365 days, 6 hours. He accordingly made his common year to consist of 365 days, for 3 years successively, and every 4th of 366 days, to take in the 6 hours of every year, which in 4 years amounted to 1 day. The day added was placed before the 24th of February, which corresponding to the 6th of the calends, and being twice named, the year obtained the name of the Bissextile, by us called Leap-year.

Had the time occupied by the earth in performing its revolution round the sun been 365 days, 6 hours, exactly, this form would not have required any alteration. It is found, however, by later and more accurate observations, that the time occupied by the earth in moving from any point in her orbit to the same point again is 365 days 5h. 48' and 49". The difference between 6h. and 5h. 48'. and 49", which is 11'. 11", is the excess of the civil above the solar year. This difference, though small, in 130 years amounts to 1 day.

In the 16th century the error must have become very discernible; accordingly we find Bede, R. Bacon, and several eminent philosophers, observing that the true equinox preceded the civil one by 10 days. Pope Gregory the 16th, after it had been attempted by Pope Sextus the 4th, had the honour of reforming the calendar. In 1582 he corrected the difference, by throwing out of the October of that year 10 days, which rendered the civil and solar year as nearly equal as possible; and in order to prevent a similar error in future, he allowed that 3 days should be thrown out of every 4 centuries.

The Protestants in England were so averse to every thing which carried the papal sanction along with it, that it was not until 1751 that the propriety, even the necessity, of altering the style, was taken into consideration by the British parliament. When an act was passed, that the 2d of September should be called the 14th, by which means 11 days were dropped from the common calendar; the surplus minutes from 1582 unto 1751 having made up one day.

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Extract from the Port-Folio of a Journeyman Printer.

TYPOGRAPHIC.... errors; No, sir! by far the greater part of the errors which disgrace the productions of the modern press are in reality not typographic but authorial oversights. You know, sir — or, if you do not know it, let me assure you, upon the word and honour of a journeyman, that it is an inviolable rule with us compositors never to take the unjustifiable liberty of deviating one iota from an author's manuscript sent to the press in so slovenly a state, so inillegibly written, so carelessly punctuated, so scored with corrections, so larded with interlineations, so disfigured with blots, so cramped with abbreviations, enigmatized with insertions and repetitions, and alterations and explanations, separately scrawled on detached scraps of paper, like the Sibyl's oracles on the leaves of trees, that the journeymen printers (few of whom are professed conjurors) frequently need all the sagacity of an *Oedipus*, together with the keen eyes of a *Lynceus*, to decipher a writer's meaning. Hence numerous errors are unavoidably made in the first instance, which are afterwards overlooked by the author in examining the proof-sheets: for how rare to find an author who is capable of reading a proof-sheet with any degree of accuracy! and least of all is he qualified to read a

a proof of his own work. In the first place he is not habituated to the minute drudgery of scrutinising letter by letter, point by point: and then, on the other hand, while he fancies himself reading the proof of his composition, he rather reads in memory what it ought to be, than on the paper what it actually is.—Thus the mistakes escape his notice, and going to press with his sanction, become in reality authorial errors—*Probatum est.*

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From the New-York Gazette.

Messrs. Lang & Co.

The following is from the pen of a gentleman who was present at the execution of Louis the XVIth.

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

I WAS standing at a distance from the multitude that thronged to see the death of their Monarch. He was encircled by an immense crowd of soldiers, the gleam of whose arms added new horror to the spectacle. I enquired of an old man who stood leaning on a staff near me, where was the King? The poor old man burst into tears! Shame on human nature, said I, that there should be only one man found of all this multitude who has a tear for sorrow. At that moment I beheld one who was bare-headed mount the dismal scaffold. An immense shout shook the air with tumult! I was motionless with pity, terror, and expectation! I saw him stretch out his arms for mercy. Immediately a thousand swords were drawn, a thousand drums resounded. A pale grim looking man went towards him. All eyes were fixed to the spot. Again he would have stretched out his arms; again he would have spoken. Two men led him along to a machine that was placed at the end of a scaffold. My heart beat with indignation and sorrow. He was stretched at full length, and fastened with fetters. Immediately the cruel machine was put into motion. I turned aside from the horrible spectacle, and seemed for a moment in all the agony of torture and the pang of dissolution!—“He is lost for ever!” cried the old man. I started and looked up once more, saw the grisly head streaming with blood, grasped by the pitiless hand of the executioner. Thrice did he hold it aloft to the multitude below, and thrice did the multitude insult humanity with their acclamations.—Ye brave! where were your swords? Ye heavens! where was your thunder!

Method of treating that excruciating Complaint incident to Married Ladies,

SORE NIPPLES.

[From Dr. Willich's “Domestic Encyclopedia.”]

THE nipples of females, when suckling their first child, are frequently so diminutive and deep within the breasts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant to extract the milk. In such cases the young mother should frequently though cautiously, protrude the nipple between her fingers by depressing the projecting part of the breast; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an excavated nutmeg, to be worn several weeks previous to her delivery. But if this expedient prove insufficient, it will be adviseable to draw the breasts, either by presenting them to an healthy infant several months old, or by applying Mr. Savigny's small air-pump, contrived for that purpose; and which is far preferable to the common breast-glasses, as well as to the disgusting practice of employing quadrupeds.

Another inconvenience incident to nipples, frequently arises from chaps or excoriations. These are not only painful to the mother, but also prevent the infant from drawing the necessary supply of milk. In some instances, even part of the substance is destroyed by violent suction; so that the mother, from the intense pain thus occasioned, is obliged to refuse the breast; and a stagnation of the milk takes place, which is often accompanied with ulcerations and fever. To prevent such dangerous affections, the practice of raising the nipples, as before suggested, should be timely adopted; but, if the parts be already in a diseased state, it will then be useful to bathe them with lime-water, or diluted port-wine; after which the nipple should be dressed with a little spermaceti ointment. Before, however, such applications are resorted to, it will be preferable to anoint the sore part with a composition of white wax and olive oil, and to cover it with a fine linen rag; by which simple means great relief may often be obtained.

These remedies will, in general, be found sufficient; but, if the nipple receive no benefit, it has been recommended to apply the neck, together with part of the body of a hog's bladder, (or cow's teat taken from a healthy animal,) to the part affected. Either of these, if properly moistened, and fixed to the breast, will effectually protect it while the infant is sucking; and, when not in use, the bladder or teat may be preserved in a little spirit of wine, which will prevent it from putrefying.

A Tale.

—ONE morning in Spring, as I was walking alone, filled with the admiration which all the beauties of Nature inspire, I was roused from my reverie by some menacing cries and complaints which I heard at a short distance. I approached, I listened, and I overheard a woman severely chiding a child. I immediately went up to her, and enquired the cause of her anger. "Sir," said she to me, with earnestness, "this child will kill me with anxiety and vexation: the more I love him, the less he answers my expectation and cares. I am not happy; I am never easy except when he is in my arms; and the ingrate always shuns them. When I reproach him with my tenderness, he embraces me; then leaves me in an instant for his toys: he runs, he plays, he jumps. I fear every moment that I shall lose him," added she, bursting into tears.

"Madam," said I, "your affliction is your own work. Why expect reason in an infant? why have him like one of your own age? It is for you to accomodate yourself to his: study his taste, join in his sports; let him find in you a companion rather than a governess. The curiosity and fickleness natural to childhood will sometimes keep him away from you; but he will never fail to return, if he shall find in you what he cannot find any where else. It is only in the enjoyment of the most unlimited liberty that he will know how to compare and appreciate your cares and your indulgence. Tenderness does not command—it insinuates itself. Do not use bonds with that child: the strongest chains which you can use to keep him near you, is pleasure."

She listened to me in silence, and I left her with a recommendation to follow my counsels. A short time after, I passed by the scene of this conversation, and enquired what had become of the good woman and the child.

"Exactly what you foretold has happened," answered one of her neighbours. "The child, kept under too great restraint, availed himself of the first opportunity, as soon as he was able, to fly a tenderness which was to him a cruel slavery; and the mother pines away in unavailing sorrow."

I then enquired the name of this interesting and unhappy lady, as also the name of the child: I was told in answer, that the one was *Love*, and the other *Jealousy*.

OBSER.—Unsuccessful merit has more admirers than are avowed, more supporters with good words than with heavy purses.

*"Profiles" of Eminent Men.**(From Sewall's Poems.)***(CONTINUED.)****DENHAM.**

DENHAM, like his own Thames, majestic flows,
Enriching, wid'ning, deep'ning, as he goes.
Ne'er shall his laurels fade, while Cooper's mount,
High as Olympus, rears its tow'ring front.
Albion's fam'd river from his muse receives,
More tribute than all Ind or Ormus gives.

ROSCOMMON.

ROSCOMMON claims my song! the standard he,
Of "comprehensive, English energy."
Strong in the vigour of his native isle,
Condens'd his thoughts, robust his nervous stile.
On themes sublime, when he essays to write,
Milton's strong wing supports his daring flight.
Moro and Horace lend by turns their lyre,
O'er the full chords he runs, as they inspire,
Nor deems it theft to steal celestial fire.

DRYDEN.

DIVINEST bard! whose energetic mind,
Reform'd our language, and our taste refin'd.
Young, Prior, Pope, by thy example fir'd,
Delighted follow'd as thy verse inspir'd.
Each critic in their lays must Dryden see,
Nor fail to give their glory half to thee!

POPE.

PURE bard! of verse the pattern, and the test!
O'er all thy rivals, conqueror confess;
Proud bards, and critics, once thy foes, now see,
Ease, sweetness, strength, and beauty, all in thee.

ADDISON.

A Constellation Addison appears,
Distinguish'd beaming 'midst a host of stars,
Dispels the gloom of intellectual night,
Inform'd with native and unborrow'd light.
So the sweet Pleiades, with mildest sway,
O'er heav'n's blue vault their genial beams display.
Night, sable queen! exults, and hails th' all-clearing
ray.

JOHNSON.

JUST, yet despotic, deck'd with awful rays,
O'er the vast realm of wit proud Johnson sways,
His will the law, his dictates absolute,
Nor dares the haughtiest slave his nod dispute.
Stern monarch! tho' thy greatness all revere,
Old time, at last, shall pluck thee from thy sphere,
No throne can e'er be stable, built on fear.

PRIOR.

PAIRS of each muse! by turns they all inspire,
Rule in thy breast, and tune thy various lyre,
In Solomon, in Emma, they combine;
On Alma stamp their signature divine,
Replete with sterling wit, and breathing all the nine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)**PHILADELPHIA,****NOVEMBER 20, 1802.****INTELLIGENCE.**

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman who lately left Philadelphia, and has resided some weeks in Oporto, (Portugal) to his friend in this City.

"The appearance of this country is beautiful from the number of vine-yards, and romantic situations, in every quarter you look to, but the soil is poor almost beyond description. Within a few yards of our lodging, heath is growing luxuriantly, on a soil about four inches deep; but the fine climate makes every thing appear pretty here. They have seldom any rains, but copious dews, which preserves the country from being burnt up—The dews do not appear as they were hurtful, for early in the morning, you will find hundreds of people asleep in the open air, even sometimes among the long grass in the vine-yards—Very few of the porters ever sleep in houses. Corn is raised in this country, but the stalks are seldom longer than a person's arm, producing but a few small heads, tho' the grain is of an excellent quality, far surpassing any thing I have seen in America;—the corn is sown the same as English oats, and no more is done to it till cut down."

Mr. Piazzi, of the university of Palermo, discovered on the 1st of January, 1801, a star which appears to be a new planet. By observations repeated for several days, he concluded that its orbit is not likely to be parabolic, but agrees best with the hypothesis of a circle, the radius of which appears to be 26,863 of the earth's mean distance, and consequently its position will be between Mars and Jupiter. Its bulk appears to be about one and a third of that of the earth. He has assigned to it the name of Ceres Ferdinandia, being the name of the ancient divinity of Sicily, and of its present sovereign, the founder of the Observatory at Palermo. An account of it has been presented to the Royal Society.

We are credibly informed, that on the 14th of last September, a terrible thunder storm was experienced at Richfield, in the state of New-York; and during the storm a fish came down the chimney of one Mr. Obed Edson, of said place, measuring six inches long, and is called a Chub or Cheven: it was taken up by the family, and put into a pail of water, until after the rain was over, and then carried to a spring, where it may be seen sporting in its native element, after experiencing, perhaps, an aerial voyage nearly equal to Snowden, in the French balloon with Garnerin.

*[Far. Four.**Extract from a late Irish Paper.*

IT was some time ago stated that the congregation of the Grand Synagogue of the German Jews in London, has held a meeting for the purpose of re-establishing, after a vacancy of ten years, a High-Priest of their nation. The election, we understand, has since taken place, and the choice fell on the Rev. Dr. Solomon Hart, a son of a former High Priest, who left London about 42 years ago.

go, being much scandalized on account of the immorality and licentiousness which then prevailed in the congregation. The present High Priest is a native of England, but went with his father to the Continent, where he afterwards settled. On Friday morning he arrived in the Princess Royal packet from Helvoetsluys, and the same day proceeded to Colchester. The venerable Chief of the Synagogue seemed much affected by the favourable reception he experienced.

As the new High Priest is a man of unblemished character, and a zealous promoter of good morals, the respectable part of the Jews in London, flatter themselves with the hope that his example and influence will have a powerful effect in suppressing that spirit of vice and immorality which has crept in among the Jews, and which often exposes these industrious tho' degraded and unfortunate people to hatred and contempt.

IMPROVEMENTS and INVENTIONS.

GREENOCK, September 17.

MAGNETISM.

We recommend the following to the perusal of our Philosophical Readers:

WE have been favoured by a gentleman of this town, with the perusal of a letter from his friend in Glasgow, of date August 2d, from which we take the following extract.

"An affair of so much importance to mankind as the following, it were criminal in me to conceal; I therefore request of you to make it as public as possible among your sea-faring and philosophical friends.

"Our mutual friend before his departure last fall for Philadelphia, constructed a machine, apparently simple, but which is infinitely more valuable to navigation than the compass. It was brought to me, together with his log book, by a fellow-passenger homewards, who unluckily had paid no attention to the use of the apparatus, which was the more unfortunate, as our friend died within three leagues of land.

"It is a magnetic ball, floating in a basin of quick silver. The ball is painted all over, to keep the quick-silver from penetrating the pores, which might embarrass the evolutions, which coating I dare not destroy to examine the materials of the ball; but from its weight it must be metallic, yet it floats high in the fluid. Since he took it from this place, I perceive he has marked it with lines of longitude and latitude, like a geographical sphere. This I presume he has done on his voyage outward, the journal of which he probably left in America. But this which I possess, begins with the exact point of latitude and longitude of Philadelphia, and records the zenith of every day, as accurately as if he had been all along on terra firma. In bed, he told the Captain his distance from the coast of Ireland to a minute, by looking at his machine.

"The properties of Magnetism are not yet sufficiently known, and they have heretofore been applied to use only in the form of the needle. But it appears to possess, besides its well known polarity, a propensity to retain its native relative position upon the earth; that is to say, it turns upon an axis, like the earth, one point always pointing at the pole-star. Beyond the line, this point upon the ball is below the horizon, and on the

shores of America, the longitude line, which now is its meridian, was far down the side. So that if he had sailed round the earth, his little ball would have made a complete revolution upon its axis."

From the *S. Carolina Gazette*.

Messrs. Printers,

I ~~do~~ leave to mention a mode of destroying Caterpillars, which I have seen practised with success, by a gentleman of my acquaintance.—He had a sort of funnel made of sheet-iron, with a round bowl, so as to fit closely on the mouth of a common chamber bellows; in the bowl of the funnel he put a quantity of sulphur, and tobacco cut fine, when, by blowing the bellows, fumigated the plants, and destroyed the vermin. Should you think this hint worthy of publication, you may, perhaps, oblige more than one of your Subscribers:

D. FRENCH of Connecticut, has invented a shingle-dressing machine. At the first stroke it shaves the shingle completely; at the second it joints it.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Correspondent of the Agricultural Society, lately instituted at Poitiers, has accidentally discovered a preventative against the destruction of Corn by insects.—Having occasion about ten years ago to repair the floor of his granary, he made use of *Italian Poplars* for that purpose.—Previous to that time his granary was infested with weevils almost every year, in spite of every precaution; and since laying down the *poplar* flooring, he has not seen one. Many additional experiments have been made relative to this discovery, and with complete success.

PROPOSALS,
FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,
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From the works of HANDEL, HAYDN, PLEYEL, Dr. BOYCE, Dr. BUSBY, &c. &c.

In 24 Numbers, each to contain 4 Folio pages, and printed on a fine paper. Price to subscribers 25 cents each number; to non-subscribers, 12½ cents each page. Those ladies and gentlemen who intend honouring this work with their names, are particularly requested to be as early as possible in subscribing, as the work is intended to be completed in March next.

Proposals may be seen, and subscriptions received by the Editor, R. SHAW, No. 13, South Fourth-street.

OCTOBER 30.

3t.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst. by Samuel Benezet, esq. Mr. Jacob Waterman, merchant, of Philadelphia county, to Miss Mary Wimer, of Bensalem, Bucks County.

—, On the 13th inst. by George Budd, esq. Mr. Andrew Jackson, to Miss Mary Innes, both of this City.

Deaths.

DIED, in Charleston, (S. C.) on the 26th ult. In the 58th year of his age, the Hon. John Matthews, esq. formerly governor of that state, and until lately, one of the Judges of the Court Equity.

—, On the 13th inst. Mrs. Tarrascon, wife of Mr. Lewis Tarrascon, merchant, of this city, A. 22.

DIED, on Wednesday morning, the 17th inst. at a quarter past 12 o'clock, the Rev. WILLIAM MARSHALL, late pastor of the Associate Congregation of this city, A. E. about 62. His disorder was a consumption of the liver, with which he was confined eleven weeks.

The deceased has been long known as a good citizen, a cheerful companion, a friend to strangers and persons in distress, and above all, as a faithful minister of the gospel. His name has for many years been held in veneration both in this country and in Britain. To that branch of the Secession church in America, with which he was connected, he has been of the most eminent service. One of her first founders, and the oldest minister belonging to that body, it may be truly said, that on him "came the care of all the churches"—on him the eye of her courts was fixed for direction, and to him the different congregations looked for advice in their difficulties. But we forbear,it is not for a newspaper paragraph, hastily thrown together, either to detail his services, or do justice to his character....It will require a volume. These, however, have been well epitomized by an intimate and respectable friend, (who has long known and appreciated his worth), who, after announcing his decease, adds—

"This gentleman was Minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in this city: over which he acted as a faithful and exemplary Pastor, upwards of two and thirty years. He exercised at the same time an apostolic care over all the religious societies of his denomination, in the middle states. Two neat churches were erected by his influence in this city. He was both learned and wise, and instructed not only by his preaching and conversation, but by the uniform piety and integrity by which he conducted his whole life. His remains were yesterday interred in his own church-yard in Walnut-street, attended by a large number of Citizens. His memory will be entombed in the hearts of his affectionate and afflicted congregation."

NOTE.

* It may not be improper to observe, that about 16 years ago, an unhappy difference took place among the members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, in this city, the ultimate termination of which, in 1790, induced a part of the congregation to erect another place of worship. Since that period they have been known by the name of the *Associate Congregation*, and among them Mr. Marshall continued to exercise his ministry, under circumstances of the most pleasing unanimity, until his death.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN XI.

Glory to God in the highest, and on the Earth, peace and good will to men. LUKE ii. 14.

REJOICE, rejoice, the day is come,
The day expected long,
Saints now behold their heav'n, their home,
And chant the grateful song :
Replete with love, from realms of light
Came GOD's beloved Son to bless,
To banish all the clouds of night,
To soothe our grief and ease distress.
Hark the chorus !
Earth resounds
The blissful sounds,
Peace and joy the pleasing song,
Friendly angels gaily for us

The rapt'rous, rising notes prolong :
Joy on earth and peace to men,
Jesus brought salvation down,
Teraphs bright repeat, Amen,
He is worthy of a crown,
He is worthy,
He is worthy ;
Earth replies,

Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
Through space's large domain repeated flies.
Mark through life his glorious way,

How holy ! undeaf'd ! !

Infinite wisdom's cloudless rays

Inform'd the man, inspir'd the child :

Diseases, at his sovereign word,

Of ev'ry kind affrighted fled :

Ev'n devils trembling own'd him Lord,

The bruiser of the serpent's head :

Through each nation

Flies his word,

Health to afford,

Love to GOD, good will to men,

Joyous tidings of salvation,

In the gospel's glorious plan :

Soon shall sin and sorrow cease,

From ev'ry eye he'll wipe the tear,

The willing captive, quick release,

And Faith shall triumph over fear :

Faith shall triumph,

Faith shall triumph,

Saints shall sing,

Triumph, triumph, triumph, triumph—

Shall through heav'n's wide-extended concave ring.

O taste the sweets his gospel brings,

What love ! what joy ! what peace !

There, living water gently springs,

Whose fountain ne'er can cease :

It points a way bestrew'd with flowers,

Our Jesus made it strait and plain,

And form'd refreshing, fragrant bower,

To ease the weary trav'lers pain :

O come and see

How good the Lord !
How true his word,
None grieving ever went away ;
The splendid banquet's sweets are free,
Come, ah ! why should one delay.
See the table richly spread,
Heav'n has furnish'd out the feast,
Jesus bounteous, at the head,
Gives a welcome to each guest.
Ye are welcome.
We are welcome
Saints declare ;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Sounds through heav'n, earth, sea, and air.
All glory be to GOD on high,
Let ev'ry tongue proclaim,
Who, thus hath brought salvation nigh,
And glorified his name :
Soon ev'ry nation, ev'ry isle
Shall hear the GOSPEL's joyful sound,
Fair Piety shall meekly smile,
And Peace shall through creation bound.
Sweet Religion
Through the earth,
With pious mirth
Shall exert her heav'nly sway,
And angels to the utmost region
Joyful will the news convey :
Seraphim, and teraph bright,
Circling round the eternal throne,
With all the spotless sons of light,
Shall adore our GOD alone :
Shall adore,
Shall adore
Each heart rebounds,
Adore, adore, adore, adore
Thro' all eternity unceasing sounds. — X. W. T.

THE FOUR SEASONS,

A SIMILIE.

How lovely and blooming the season of Spring !
When nature is clad in her richest array ;
When the gay plumy warblers with harmony sing,
And the mild fragrant breezes with gentleness play.
How beauteous and glowing does Summer appear !
When Sol opes with glory the radiant day ;
When the fertile campaigns richest livery wear ;
And at harvest each heart is with merriment gay.
Alike in its beauty is Autumn array'd,
When the hills and the valleys with rich treasure
glow ;
When the ripe yellow fruit to the view is display'd ;
And the blessings of plenty impartially flow.
But sad is each prospect when grim Winter reigns,
When Boreas howls 'midst the pityless storm ;
When the frost binds the rivers in hard icy chains ;
And nature appears in her dreariest form.
So like the four seasons, life, changing, is pass'd :
Like the spring and the summer we flourish and
blean ;
Like the ending of Autumn we shrink at each blast,
And like gelid Winter, *death* leads to the tomb !

ORLANDO.

Versification of Select Passages of OSSIAN'S Poems.—Concluded.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SETTING SUN.

Hast thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-haired son of the sky ? The west has opened its gates ; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty ; they lift their trembling heads ; they see thee lovely in thy sleep ; they shrink away with fear. Rest in thy shadowy cave, O Sun ! Let thy return be with joy !

VERSIFICATION.

Hast thou, in heaven, left thy azure way,
Thou golden-haired offspring of the sky ?
The western skies their op'ning gates display :
There on thy bed, reposing thou dost lie.
The ocean's waves thy beauty to behold,
Approach, and lift aloft their trembling heads,
They see sleep's arms thy lovely form enfold,
And shrink with fear back to their wat'ry beds.
Rest, rest in peace, O Sun, within thy shad'wy cave,
Return again with joy, bright from the eastern wave.

ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

How dreary is the night ! the moon is darkened in the sky ! red are the paths of ghosts along its sullen face ! dull is the roaring of streams from the valley of dim forms. I hear thee, spirit of my father, on the eddying course of the wind. I hear thee, but thou bendest not forward thy tall form from the skirts of the night.

VERSIFICATION.

How dreary is the dark and misty night !
The moon is darken'd in the gloomy sky !
Red are the paths where walks the shad'wy sprite,
Seen on its dark and sullen face on high,
Dull roar the streams in yonder misty vale,
Where stalk of warriors' dead, the shad'wy forms,
Ghost of my sire ! I hear thee when the gale,
Resounds with the hoarse murmurs of the storms ;
I hear thee, but thou bendest not thine height.
Majestically from the skirts of night.

CARLOS.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents each Number, payable every four weeks ; or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

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